The deepe vexation of his inward ſoule,
Hath ſeru'd a dumbe arreſt vpon his tongue,
VVho mad that ſorrow ſhould his vſe controll,
Or keepe him from heart-eaſing words ſo long,
Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng
VVeake words, ſo thick come in his poor harts aid,
That no man could diſtinguiſh what he ſaid.

Yet ſometime TARQVIN was pronounced plaine,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,
This windie tempeſt, till it blow vp raine,
Held backe his ſorrowes tide, to make it more.
At laſt it raines, and buſie windes giue ore,
Then ſonne and father weep with equall ſtrife,
VVho ſhuld weep moſt for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may poſſeſſe the claime they lay.
The father ſaies, ſhee's mine, ô mine ſhee is
Replies her husband, do not take away
My ſorrowes intereſt, let no mourner ſay
He weepes for her, for ſhee was onely mine,
And onelie muſt be wayl'd by COLATINE.

O,